

CAL SURFERS

What are these California surfers who took the Makaha surfing laurels like? For the answer the Forecast calls on The Sunday Advertiser's Robert Krauss:

There are two types of tourists who come to Hawaii for the winter season. 1. Those who have enough money to pay for their hotels. 2. California surfers.

You can always spot a California surfer when he gets off the plane at Honolulu International Airport by his bare feet, Bermuda shorts and T-Shirt.

If he carries a suitcase at all it will contain swim fins, face mask and a couple of bathing trunks. His only other item of luggage is a surfboard wrapped in a sleeping bag.

The first thing a California surfer does upon arrival is take a tour . . . of the used car lots in search of an old jalopy, preferably a panel type delivery truck.

This will be his hotel room.

As long as he's here, that is until his unemployment checks stop coming he will follow the surf from Sunset Beach to Makaha and back again like a water-logged gypsy.

Take Darrel Boucher, 22, of Long Beach, for example. His first investment was \$75 for a 1947 Plymouth sedan. Next, he spent \$4 on a used mattress at the Salvation Army.

By taking out the back seat and putting in an old piece of plywood, Boucher has rigged up a makeshift bed.

He cooks on the beach . . . oatmeal for breakfast, crackers for lunch, speared fish for dinner . . . and can live easily on \$2 a day. His unemployment check is \$39 a week.

Like many of the California surfers, Boucher has grown a goatee (blond) and a mustache. He wears Bermuda-length green bathing trunks with red and yellow stripes down the side.

If the surf is good, i.e., running up to 20 feet, he will spend up to eight hours in the water.

If it isn't, he'll go spear fishing or just lie around talking to other surfers. About the only appointment he never misses is a trip to the post office for his weekly check.

Waikiki hotel men, understandably, do not look forward to an invasion of California surfers whose stomachs are as large as their purses are small.

When they come to town they patronize the Waikiki Diner where you can get a five course meal for \$1.29. Or the Sampan Inn for the 30-cent breakfast.

During the early migrations of California surfers the 72 ounce steak (free if you can eat it in 60 minutes) featured at M's Ranch House was popular. A champion surfer named Buzzy Trent polished it off in 40 minutes.

His friends, pint-sized Dewey Weber, finished within 50 minutes and asked for an extra helping of dessert.

Next time, after Trent put away the soup, salad, bread and butter, 72 ounces of steak, plus dessert and coffee, all within 18 minutes, the management declared him ineligible for future competition.

Not all of the California surfers are living off their unemployment checks. A few, like Byron Kough, Laguna Beach, are paying their own way. Kough will soon have his master's degree in physical education. He is a substitute teacher at Waipahu School.

He lives with five other surfers from California in a Sunset Beach house. They each pay \$11 a month in rent and divide the food costs. Kough drives a 1947 Chevrolet sedan delivery wagon which he lived in when he first arrived.

Then there is Phil Edwards, Ocean-side, 20, who worked his way over as crewman on a yacht. He saved for a couple of years to make the trip and is living with Bud Brown, a photographer, who is here to take surfing movies.

And not all of the California surfers are men. Living for a month in the rear of a brown delivery truck are two girls, Marge Calhoun of Santa Monica and Eve Fletcher of Burbank.

They are spending their vacation in search of Hawaii's big surf, sleeping in the truck and eating in places like the Pokai Bay Tavern.

The girls go to bed early so they can get up at dawn to surf. At night they park on a beach with a good view and lock themselves in. They haven't been molested.

Why do they do it?

"The beach in California are too crowded," said Marge. "Sometimes there are 14 or 15 surfers trying to catch just one wave. Here, if you go out to Sunset during the week, you have it almost to yourself.

"Then, too, the surf there is bigger. It's like getting a ride on a locomotive. This is a complete new world and we want to learn how to handle it. Besides, it's cold in California now. Here it's warm.